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For the Myrtle.

Down by the Willows.

In my heart there is a picture,
That is very fair to see,
To others it has no meaning,
But 'tis sacred unto me!

It is a group of willows
That the sunlight interlaces,
And falls in golden glory,
Upon two childish faces!

Two little chubby faces,
Four little sunbrowned hands,
Two little soiled dresses,
Four bare feet in the sands!

All day they've played together,
And now the sunset's gold,
Is flushing hill and mountain,
With a splendor all untold;

Their little feet are weary,
The birds fly home to rest,
Soon they'll be sleeping sweetly,
Upon their mother's breast.

And as I sit in twilight,
The picture cometh to me
In all its own completeness,
Like a rare old melody.

Vesta L. Dudley.

He Careth.

Something round which it may twine,
God gives every little vine.

Some still nook or sunny bower,
God gives every little flower.

Some green bough or mossy sward,
God gives every little bird.

Night and day, at home, abroad,
Little ones are safe with God.

The Little Star.

For the Myrtle.

The Gudeman of Ballengeich.

I THINK it may not be uninteresting to the young readers of the MYRTLE, to hear something about certain royal personages who figured in history long, long ago, and I will begin with James V. of Scotland.

This king had some very excellent qualities, and some very peculiar habits. He was fond of disguising himself as a "Gaberlunzie" or beggar, carrying a wallet, and going out among the humbler classes. This was partly to find out how they lived, that he might relieve their necessities, but more frequently that he might throw off the cares and ceremonies of royalty and have a good time. He was a poet, of some merit, though he was a king, and several songs that were popnlar in Scotland were composed by him. Among them were the "Jollie Beggar" and the "Gaberlunzie Man," two very funny songs, that in his disguised character of a "Gaberlunzie" he used to sit in the pleasant huts and sing with them. When he resided at Stirling, and wished to sally out on one of these expeditions, he always left the castle by a little postern at the Ballengeich Pass; and it was from this that he took his name of "Gudeman of Ballengeich."

In one of his rambles from the castle, he was benighted many miles away and sought shelter in the cottage of John Donaldson, a small farmer, occupying the Ochil farm. Of course John was

ignorant of the quality of his guest, supposing him what he appeared, a poor peasant. But he gave him a kindly welcome, and desired the gudewife to fetch for the stranger's supper the "hen that roosted nearest to the cock" as that was "always the plumpest,"

The plump hen was killed and dressed, and the Gaberlunzie and his host had a jolly supper, and a good time generally. The next morning when he took leave of his host, the disguised king urged him to visit him at Stirling castle, where, he told him, he had a situation. This was an opportunity to visit the royal castle not to be neglected and the good John promised.

"But wha am I to ask for when I get there?" inquired John doubtfully, as he measured the humble figure before him.

"O just ask for the 'Gudeman o' Ballengeich.' Everybody there kens wha I am."

In a few days the good farmer made his appearance at the castle inquiring as directed, and great was his amazement at being ushered into the presence of a company of finely dressed ladies and gentlemen, the king being dressed the plainest. After recovering a little from his confusion, John modestly inquired if he could see the king.

"Oh yes," replied James, "look about you. He is here now."

"But how will I ken him?"

"Why," said the supposed gudeman, "he is the only one present who keeps his hat on."

"Then," said the farmer, looking round on the company, "it maun be either you or me."

The king smiled and told him that he was James Stuart, who wore the crown, and he should not forget his kindness and hospitality to him when he thought him only a strolling gaberlunzie.

"And you shall be King o' the Muirs," said the good-natured James, and he astonished his visitor by a grant of his farm for his night's hospitality.

The farm was retained by the family until a recent period. Forty-five years ago another John Donaldson — the last "king o' the muirs" died, when the chair in which King James sat on the memorable night he spent at the cottage, was purchased for the crown and deposited in Stiriing Castle.

When Queen Yictoria visited the castle in 1842, the governor of the castle exhibited the chair to Her Majesty, and told her the story I have related to you. I hope you may be as much pleased with it as Queen Victoria was.

C. M. S.

For the Myrtle.

The Lepers.

It is very common to meet sick people in the streets, but did you ever see ten sick people standing together? I think not. Yet once ten very sick people were seen together. They were called lepers. What is a leper? It is a man whose skin is covered with a white breaking-out, and whose flesh is beginning to crumble away. Sometimes the ends of his fingers drop off, and then his hands or his feet, till only the stumps are left. It would make you sad to see one of these poor lepers. But oh, how very sad it must have been to see ten lepers standing together. I will tell you why they kept together. It was because they were not allowed to be with people who were well — not even to touch them. So what could the poor creatures do? They did not like always to be alone, and they were glad to keep company with each other. They were not allowed to walk in the streets of the town, lest they should touch the people who were passing by; they were obliged to be in the country amongst the trees and the fields. It is pleasant to be in the country, yes, very pleasant for people who are well, but it was not very pleasant for the lepers; no place was pleasant for them.

One day, as the ten lepers were all together, they saw a man coming along the road, and going towards a village. They knew who this man was; they must have seen him before. But do you know who this man was? He was the greatest man who ever lived in this world. Was he a king? He was greater than all the kings. He was Jesus Christ the Son of God, yet he was a poor man. He was kind and good, he chose to be very poor. He could do wonderful things, and make sick people well, by only speaking a word.

The ten lepers had heard of this, and when they saw Jesus passing by, they called out very loud, "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us." They did not dare to come near Jesus, but they hoped he would hear their voices. And he did hear them and said, "Go show yourselves to the priests." Now the priests were ministers, God had said that when lepers were made well, they should go first to the priests, to be looked at by

them, before they walked again about the streets. So when these lepers heard Jesus tell them to go to the priests, they knew that they would soon be quite well.

As they were walking along towards the place where the priests lived, they grew well. Those hands that were covered with white sores, were now the same brown color they had been before. If the lepers looked at each other, they saw faces that were of a sickly white become rosy and healthy. And when the lepers saw this, did they go on, or did they turn back? One of them turned back, and only one; all the rest made haste to go to the priests. Why did that one turn back? It was that he might go to Jesus and thank him. As he went along, he praised God for his goodness with a loud voice. When he was sick he had asked to be cured with a loud voice, and now that he was well, he thanked God with a loud voice. This was right.

When he came to Jesus, he fell down at his feet with his face to the ground, and thanked him. Then Jesus said, "Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine? There are not found that returned to give glory to God, save this stranger." (See Luke xvii.)

Now Jesus knew that this man who had come back was not of his own country. He was a stranger, or a foreigner, and he came from a land where the people knew very little about God, yet he loved God better than the other lepers did.

There are a great many people who pray to God when they are unhappy, and who forget to thank him when they are happy again. Is there a little boy or girl reading this paper who was once in great distress? Were you not once in great distress? Were you not once very hungry? Did you pray to God for food? Did you get food? Did you thank God for it? Whenever God has given you anything, or made you well, or got you out of trouble, He expects you to thank Him. He knows how many men and women and children He has helped. Perhaps there were one hundred people very ill last night, and God has made them all better this morning, and perhaps only one thanks him. Then God says, "Where are the ninety and nine?"

God knows your name. If you do not thank Him, He says, "Where is that little boy, or that little girl? Why does he not come and thank me?" *R. C. W.*

OWE no man anything but good-will.

Blessed to Give.

"Fifty cents to do just what you please with!" exclaimed little Allie Flint, her cheeks glowing, and her bright eyes beaming joyfully. "Oh, what shall I get with it? Oh, how splendid! I'll get me a picture book. Just think! Mother, can't I go to the store this afternoon, and get something with my fifty cents?"

"Yes, if you will be a good girl."

"I will, I will! What shall I get?"

"I would get something useful," said her mother.

"Well, I will try."

So after dinner Allie put on her cloak and hat and started off.

As she was walking along, happening to look over on the other side of the street, she saw a poor ragged girl. She did not stop, but kept looking at the girl as if she was thinking about her, until she turned a corner which hid her from sight.

"I guess I know what I will get."

She soon arrived at the store, and inquired how much print she could get for fifty cents.

"Five yards," said the merchant.

"Well, I will take five yards of that," said she, pointing to a pretty piece of calico.

As soon as she had received the calico and paid for it, she ran back to the little girl on the sidewalk.

"This is for you," said she, putting the calico into her hands, and running away before the little girl had time to thank her.

The next Sunday, what was her joy to see her young friend come into the Sunday School in her nice new dress. O, young readers, is it not more blessed to give than to receive! Oh, what blessedness there is in giving to the poor—*Young Pilgrim.*

A PIGEON made her nest in a hay-loft, and was repeatedly robbed of her eggs and young by rats. It was not strange that she moved to another part of the barn, but she chose a place close to three little kittens, and soon, in some way, formed a strong friendship with their furry mother. They ate from the same dish; and the cat protected the pigeon's nest, as well as her own. Two broods of little birds were safely reared. In return for pussy's defence, the pigeon guarded the kittens in their mother's absence, and would assail, with her wings and beak, any one who came too near them.

Blind Bartimeus.

From morn till night, for many a weary day,
In want and wretchedness, sad, sad to see,
Bartimeus sat beside the broad highway,
Ragged, and old, and blind, a beggar he.

He had been told of One who healed the sick,
And caused the lame to walk, the deaf to hear;
And often sat with bowed head and prayed
To Israel's God, to send the Healer near.

And one glad day, Jesus Himself passed by,
Followed by a vast throng, His deeds to see;
And when Bartimeus knew, he cried aloud,
"Oh, Jesus, David's son, have mercy on me!"

But many charged him he should hold his peace,
Nor trouble the great Master with his cries.
But Jesus bade them call the man to Him.
"Beggar," they say, "He calleth thee, arise."

Then blind Bartimeus rose with a glad heart,
Cast off his garment, hastened with his might;
And Jesus said, "what wilt thou I should do?"
"O, Lord," said he, "let me receive my sight."

'Thy faith hath made thee whole," the Saviour said,
And in his darkened eyes the sunlight poured;
And he beheld the sky, the trees, the birds,
Then cried he loud to find his sight restored.

Then all the people shouted, praising God,
And old Bartimeus, no longer blind,
With heart o'erflowed with thankfulness and love,
Followed the Saviour with a willing mind.

Then the example of Bartimeus let us follow,
And be made whole by faith in Him alone;
For no power on this earth can save us,
None save He who sitteth on the throne.

For the Myrtle.

A Prairie Schooner.

MR JULES VERNE, in his funny book, "Round the World in Eighty Days," tells a funny story about what he calls a "prairie schooner." He says that when his party who were trying to go around the world in eighty days, reached the Rocky Mountains in the United States on their way east, they lost their train; and they were in danger of being delayed for hours if not days, unless they could find some other way of travelling. So they hunted around and found a man who rigged up a prairie schooner to travel in. This schooner he said was a large boat-like structure, flat on the bottom and fitted with light smooth runners like a Lapland sledge. Then it had large sails above, like a ship; and when the wind was right it would blow over the smooth snow of the plains, without any road or track, faster than a horse could run, and almost as fast as an engine. He makes his travellers go several hundred miles in this strange ship.

Now Mr. Jules Verne had probably read somewhere of the American prairie schooner, and with his ready French wit he made up his mind what sort of a conveyance it ought to be, and wrote accordingly. But any Western boy or girl could have told him better what a prairie schooner is.

It was a name given years ago to the white canvas-covered emigrant wagons that used to go in long trains or in fleets as we might say, across the prairies to bear the settlers to their new homes. Not only the farming tools and provisions and the scant household furniture, but the settler's wife and children used to ride in these white covered wagons. secure from sun

and wind and rain. By day they dotted the prairies with white, as the sails cover the sea. And at nlght they stopped by some grove where the horses and cattle were fastened and allowed to feed on the rich prairie grass during the night, and the family landed and having built a fire on the ground, prepared their supper, and then spreading their beds out under the canvas, slept in their wagons.

Sometimes travelling in these emigrant trains is very weary and hard, especially when the weather is cold or stormy. There is a poem in a b o'k I have, describing one of th se sad encampn ents at night.

"We were on our way to Dacotah,
A sick and famishing train,
Our stores were gone, our money was spent,
And the night set in with rain.
In the midst of a dark pine barren,
Round a desolate fire we crept,
And we tethered our weary horses
While some of us sat and wept."

But in summer, when it is pleasant and warm, and all are well and there is plenty of everything. this travelling by "prairie schooner" is very pleasant. I remember seeing such a camp-fire once blazing just outside a western village and going out with some friends to see the emigrants. They were not foreigners but a company of our own farmers with their families, refined and pleasant people. A young lady was travelling with them, "just for tun" as she said, and we greatly enjoyed her stories about the novel incidents ot their journey. We asked her to go home with us, but she preferred to sleep in the "schooner." So we went home and watched their blazing camp-fire, out in the dark field, until sleep closed our own eyes.

The railroad has almost driven the "prairie schooners" from the plains, and it will by-and-by be forgotten that they ever existed. But surely their place will never be taken by that odd thing described by Jules Verne.

IT is pleasant to loll and roll, and to accumulate — to be a purple and fine linen man, and to be called by some of those nicknames which frail and ephemeral beings are so fond of accumulating upon each other; but the best thing of all is to live like honest men, and to add something to the cause of liberality, justice and truth.

THE glory of great men ought always to be rated according to the means used to acquire it.

Mother's Treasures.

Two little ones with eyes of blue,
And hair the shade of burnished gold;
With rosy lips of health's bright hue,
At eventide my arms enfold:
Weary of sporting, tired of play,
Their little treasures safe they hide;
Each toy and dolly placed away,
Come closely nestling by my side.

The evening hours with book and song,
Speed swiftly on — too soon are past —
But weariness o'ercomes ere long,
The little eyelids droop at last.
In night-robes dressed, their simple prayer,
"Father, protect us till the light,
And evermore," from lips so fair,
Papa, mamma, good-night, good-night!"

Sweetly they sleep. On each pure brow
Fondly I press a mother's kiss,
And thus in spirit, as I bow,
I pray, "Oh, Father, grant me this;
Through all life's scenes, by sea or land,
In times of joy or sorrow's blight,
Help me, I pray Thee; train my hand
Gently to lead my lambs aright!"

"Oh grant that they in early youth,
May dedicate their hearts to Thee,
And walk along the path of truth
In virtues way, from folly free,
The Christian pathway which alone
Will prove the one that leads to rest;
Until at last Thou call'st them home
To dwell with thee among the blest!"

The Bluebirds.

In a hole in one of the trees in grandpa's orchard, a pair of bluebirds build their nest every summer. Their door is always open, and grandpa can look into their house. One day we children coaxed him to lift us up, and what do you think we saw? Four little eggs, on a soft warm bed!

Grandpa went into the barn, and we played outside until we heard the birds cry in great distress. Ned ran to them, and saw a snake creeping up the tree to get those dear little eggs.

"Oh, grandpa!" he screamed. "Come quick! Do come quick!"

The good old man came as fast as his lame feet would carry him. The snake reached the hole, and was looking in with greedy eyes, when grandpa snatched it off the tree, and threw it on the ground. Ned killed it, and the birds were happy again.

IT is a glorious thing to resist temptatiens; but a safe thing to avoid them.

The Harvest.

FOR TWELVE SPEAKERS.

[DEAR MYRELE: — This recitation was arranged and performed at our Harvest Concert last Sabbath. It was one ot the best things we had. I arranged it at first without singing, but afterwards introduced singing as referred to, which adds materially to its effectiveness. If this is worthy of a place in the MYRTLE, and is of any use to you, please accept it.

Mooresville, Vt. A. O. GATES, *Sup't.*]

ALL. "The Harvest is passed, the Summer is ended." "He that gathereth in Summer is a wise son, but he that sleepeth in Harvest is a son that causeth shame."

1st. Once upon earth the Lord directed in sowing the seed as well as in the Harvest. What did he command to the men of Judea and Jerusalem?

12th. Break up your fallow ground and sow not among thorns; Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy, break up your fallow ground for it is time to seek the Lord until he come and rain righteousness upon you.

2d. Give ye ear and hear my voice, hearken and hear my speech. Doth the Ploughman plow all day to sow? Doth he open and break the clod of his ground? When he hath made plain the face thereof doth he not cast abroad the fitches, and scatter the cummin, and cast in the principal wheat, and the appointed seed, and the rye in their place? For his God doth instruct him to discretion and doth teach him.

11th. Thou shalt not sow thy field with mingled seed; thou shalt not sow thy vineyard with divers seeds lest the fruit of thy seed which thou hast sown and the fruit of thy viueyard be defiled.

3d. What are the Scriptural teachings with reference to sowing?

Sing. "Sow in the morn thy seed," from "Sabbath Songs" by L. Marshall.

10th. In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not whither shall prosper either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.

ALL. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

9th. How were the people of old taught to regard their neighbor's field?

4th. When thou comest into thy neighbor's field, then thou mayest eat of the grapes to thy fill at thine own pleasure, but thou shalt not put any into thy vessel. When thou comest into the standing corn of thy neighbor then thou mayest pluck the ears with thy hand, but thou shalt not move a sickle into thy neighbor's standing corn.

5th. Are we taught by the Scriptures to regard the poor at the time of Harvest?

7th. And when ye reap the Harvest of thy land, thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy field, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy Harvest. And thou shalt not glean thy vineyard, thou shalt leave them for the poor and the strangers. When thou cuttest down thine harvest in thy field and hast forgotten a sheaf in the field thou shalt not go again to fetch it. It shall be for the strangers, for the fatherless and the widow, that the Lord thy God shall bless thee in all the labors of thy hand, and thou shalt remember that thou wast a bondsman in Egypt.

6th. Blessed is he that considereth the poor, the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.

ALL. Give and it shall be given unto you, good measure pressed down and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with what measure you mete it shall be measured unto you again.

1st. Let us then be diligent in Harvest, securing whatever may have come to us with thankfulness and not forget the poor. Can any one give us a lesson from the lower Creation of diligence during Harvest?

12th. Yes; go to the Ant, the smallest of insects, which having no guide, overseer or ruler, provideth her meat in summer and gathereth her food in Harvest.

8th. The Lord said unto his disciples, the Harvest is indeed plenteous but the laborers are few. To us the Harvest of the year has been bounteous and as children of the Lord we are gathered to praise his holy name and to proctaim from pure hearts the goodness of God.

ALL. How good is He, the giver, whose mercy is large, is ever loving and free. From Him the brtght sun shineth, shineth the bright sun, glorious light, and each his praise proclaimeth, ever the bountiful Lord and King.

Sing. "How good is He, the giver," from "Cantata of Hay Makers."

6th. What then does the fulness of the year teaoh us? Are snows and frosts to beguile us? Shall we go forth weeping, casting our seed into the ground with fear? The wheat, the full yellow corn in the ear; the deep rich clusters of grapes, all from a luxuriant Harvest stand forth exclaiming never! Fear not, the Lord will provide! His bow is set; there are bounds beyond which the blasting frosts cannot pass.

7th. There is another Harvest
Of more importance still.
Richer by far than all the rest;
Listen, I'll speak, if you will.

If thou hast plucked a flower
Of richest, rarest ray,
And borne it from its garden bower,
Thou knowest 'twould fade away.

If thou hast gathered Gold
Unrusted and refined,
That glittering hoard of worth untotd
Thou knowest the Thief may find.

There is a plant that fears
No adverse season's strife,
But with an inborn fragrance cheers
The wintry eye of life.

There is a wealth that foils
The robber's roving eye,
The guardian of the mind that toils
For immortality.

O ye whose brows are bright,
Whose bosoms feel no thorn,
Seek knowledge by the rosy light
Of youth's unfolding morn.

With ardor uncontrolled,
Seek wisdom's lore sublime,
And win the harvest and the gold
That cannot change with time.

5th. Friends, the earthly Harvest is pledged to us. The law is fixed beyond repeal; let us be trustful and take courage.

ALL. While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.

Blind Bartimeus.

MARK x. 46–52.

Again we pass over a considerable interval in the life of the Master, the incidents being more fully given in the other gospels.

The writer of this gospel speaks of a journey to Perea, on the other side of the Jordan, where he taught the multitude, "as he was wont." It was at this time that he blessed the little children, and the young man came kneeling to him asking what he should do to inherit eternal life. The other gospels tell of another journey to Jerusalem, at the time of the Feast of Tabernacle, when he raised Lazarus from the dead at Bethany, and afterwards returned to Galilee. Mark passes over this journey, and comes now to the last journey to Jerusalem when Jesus went with his disciples to attend the feast of the Passover.

It is on this journey that he begins to tell his disciples of all the sorrowful things that are to happen to him at Jerusalem. And the ambitious James and John, who do not understand it, but think he is speaking in some dark way of that great kingdom he is now going to establish, ask again that they may have places at his right and left hand — the places of greatest honor — when he comes into power. The sorrowful rebuke of Jesus to their ambition may be read in the verses just preceding our lesson,

So conversing they came to Jericho, a large city twenty miles from Jerusalem. In the Old Testament, in the history of that young leader of the Israelites, Joshua, a thousand years before this, we read of this same city of Jericho, and the way Joshua conquered it from the Philistines by blowing ram's horns about it until the walls fell down. As Joshua conquered it in war, so Jesus conquered ir by love. "He went out of Jericho with his disciples *and a great number of people.*

As this loving and wondering crowd followed him they came to a blind beggar sitting by the wayside, Bar-timœus, which as Mark explains means the son of Timœus. He could not see the multitudes, but he heard the cry that Jesus of Nazareth was passing by.

Bartimeus was a beggar only on account of his blindness. As we have said of the deaf-mutes and the insane, so of the blind, their affliction was much greater in that day than in ours. They were not gathered into asylums or taught any useful employment, or kindly cherished in their homes; but were regarded as cursed with an evil spirit, and were cast out to beg their livelihood as best they could. This was why Bartimeus (and Matthew says another blind man with him) was found by the highway, outside the city, when Jesus passed by.

When he heard this name, "Jesus of Nazareth," it was to him a great name. He had heard of this wonderful person and his works. He may have heard how he opened the eyes of the blind, and perhaps how he raised Lazarus from the dead at Bethany, near by. He had heard enough to have his heart leap with a great longing and hope when he heard the name; and he cried out again and again, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on *me!*"

You see that he addressed him by the great title which the Jews gave to their expected Messiah — "thou Son of David." This shows how full his heart was of faith: he was already, without having seen the Master, his disciple.

The multitude, who were honoring Jesus and who wished to save him from the annoyance of this poor beggar, tried to make him hold his peace. "But he cried the more a *great deal*, 'Thou Son of David, have mercy on me!'"

Jesus heard it and his great heart was instantly filled with pity. He stood still in spite of the multitude and told them to call the one who was crying to him. Then they said comforting words to Bartimeus, and said to him, "rise and come; He calleth thee."

Mark mentions a little thing that is affecting, as showing the haste and glad zeal with which he ran to Jesus. "He *cast away his garment*, and came to Jesus." This was a large, loose, outer mantle that probably hindered his speed in running.

"What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" asked Jesus, who did not even know why he had called.

"Lord, that I might receive my sight!" pleaded Bartimeus.

We know the answer, before we read it — "Go thy way: *Thy faith* hath made thee whole."

So Bartimeus received his sight, but he did not go *his* way! he "followed *Jesus* in the way" joining himself to the other disciples.

Bartimeus was not the only blind man who received his sight from Jesus, nor was that the only kind of blindness which Jesus healed. The whole world was blind when he came to it — blind to the Father in Heaven, and to the goodness purity and love which He wished to have among men. To heal this spiritual blindness was the great mission of Jesus into the world. How beautifully St. John expresses this! "He was the Light, that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. His light shined in darkness while the darkness comprehended it not. His life was the light of men."

His light has shone through all the world: and we who cannot see him with our natural eyes, see him clearly with our spiritual eyes and love him and follow him as really as did his disciples of old.

But oh, how many poor blind ones — spiritually blind — there are still in the world sitting by the wayside and begging for light: To them it may be our sweet mission to go as did the believer of old, and tell them that *Jesus* passes by: to bid them seek him as a cure for their blindness: to make them hear his voice of compassion; to say to them — "Be of good comfort: rise, — he calleth thee." And like blind Bartimeus, when once they heed that call, they will be cured; for *their faith* will make them whole.

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